



and

GHOST RIDER

No. 10

GHOST RIDER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GHOST RIDER

the

PEOPLE COVERED
BEHIND BARRED DOORS—
FOR FRANKENSTEIN'S
MONSTER HAD COME TO
AMERICA! AGAIN AND
AGAIN, THE NIGHT'S
STILLNESS WAS GLASHED
BY THE ANGUISHED
SCREAMS OF THE MONSTER'S
VICTIMS... THEN—THEY
MET AND GRAPPLED ON
A CRAGGY CLIFF IN THE
BATTLE OF THE CENTURY—

GHOST RIDER

VS

FRANKENSTEIN!



A CLOUD DRIFTS LAZILY OFF THE WESTERN
MOON— AND FOR A BRIEF SECOND, TWO MEN
CAN BE SEEN STRUGGLING DESPERATELY IN
THE NIGHT. ONE OF THEM IS ABOUT TO —



— DIE!



THE GHOST RIDER

ANOTHER CLOUD DRIFTS LAZILY... AND THE MOON IS COVERED AGAIN — BUT NOT BEFORE FOUR PAIRS OF STARTLED EYES HAVE WITNESSED THE BRUTAL MURDER!

DID YUH ALL SEE WHUT I JIST SAW?

SHHH—
THUH KILLER
DON'T KNOW
WE'RE HERE!

WHUT'RE
WE GONNA
DO ABOUT
IT?

A YEAR PASSES — AND THE MURDER REMAINS UNREPORTED... BUT VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE — AND ONE NIGHT, FROM BEHIND A BOULDER, SLOWLY RISES...

NO! IT CAN'T BE! BUT IT IS!
FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!
HELP! HELP!

BUT THE MONSTER'S HUGE HANDS QUICKLY CHOKE OFF HIS VICTIM'S CRIES OF TERROR —

THE NEXT NIGHT, THE MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN —

HELP!
HELP!

AND THIS VICTIM MEETS A WATERY DEATH!

IN
TOWN,
THE
NEXT
DAY —

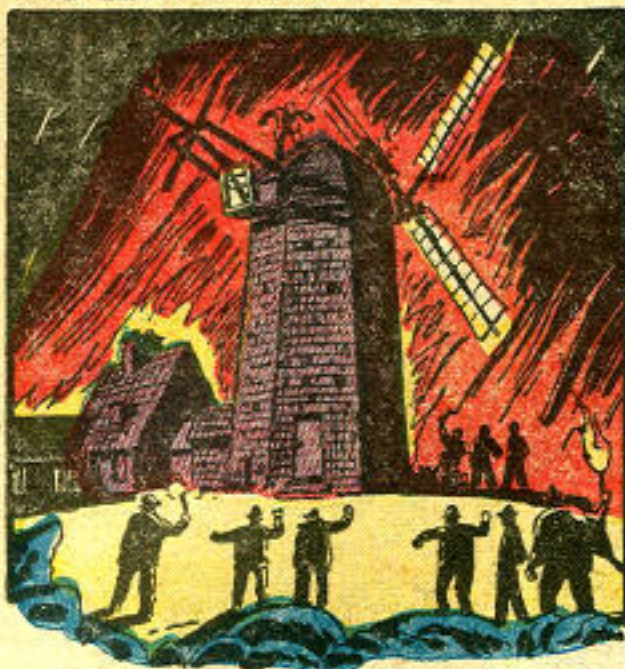
NO OFFENSE
MEANT, MR.
WILCOX, BUT
YUH'VE ALWAYS
BEEN TALKIN'
ABOUT THUH
MONSTER, AND
NOW —

AND NOW MY
THEORY IS
CONFIRMED! YOU
BELIEVE THAT
FRANKENSTEIN'S
MONSTER HAS
COME TO AMERICA!
THAT THE MONSTER
DID NOT DIE...!

THE GHOST RIDER

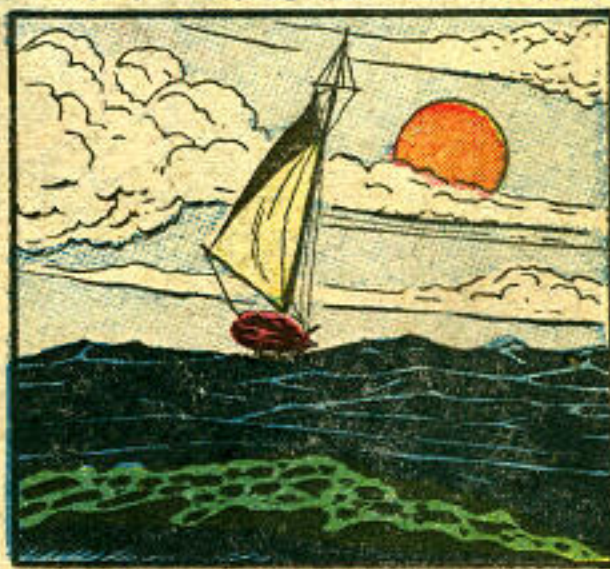
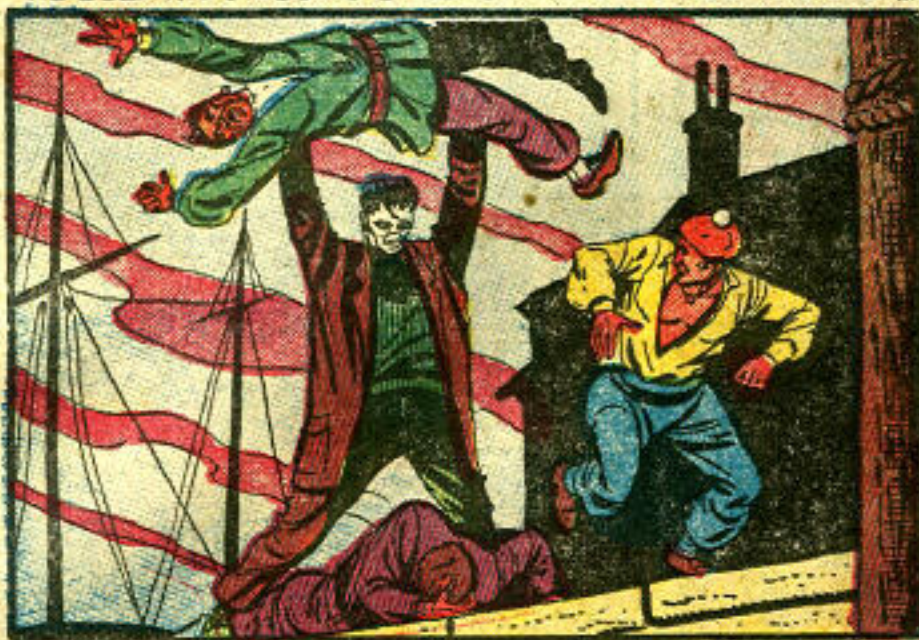
"WHEN THE ENRAGED TOWNSFOLK GUTTED THE WINDMILL WHERE HE HAD BEEN CREATED..."

"COUNT FRANKENSTEIN HAD BUILT A TUNNEL THAT LED FROM THE WINDMILL, UNDER A NEARBY CEMETERY, OUT TO THE OPEN FIELDS... WHILE THE FIRE RAGED OVERHEAD, THE MONSTER CRAWLED TO SAFETY..."



"THE MONSTER FLED UNTIL HE CAME TO THE SEA. THERE HE USED HIS DIABOLIC STRENGTH TO KILL THREE FISHERMEN..."

"THE MONSTER TOOK THEIR BOAT, AND SET SAIL. THE WINDS BLEW HIM WESTWARD - TO AMERICA... THAT HAS BEEN MY THEORY FOR ALL THESE YEARS - AND NOW THESE KILLINGS PROVE IT!"



WHUT'RE WE WAITIN' FER, SHERIFF? I SAY-- LET'S FORM A POSSE PRONTO! IT'S US OR THUH MONSTER!

MR. BENNETT HAS THE RIGHT IDEA...

AND SO THAT NIGHT, HEADED BY HARRY BENNETT, OWNER OF THE TERRITORY'S RICHEST GOLD MINE, THE POSSE SETS OUT.



THE GHOST RIDER

THE NEXT MORNING, REX FURY ARRIVES IN TOWN—

EVERYBODY'S SKEERED, MARSHAL— AND THEY GOT REASON TO BE. FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER IS LOOSE IN THUH COUNTRYSIDE. WE WENT SEARCHIN' FER HIM LAST NIGHT, BUT COULDN'T FIND A THING.

ANYBODY BEEN HURT?

TWO MEN KILLED— ONE BY CHOKIN', OTHER BY DROWNIN'. A YOUNG 'UN SAW THUH MONSTER CROSS THUH FIELDS.

MR. FURY! HERE'S A NOTE FOR YUH!

THE NOTE WAS FROM MATT LOCKE— ASKS ME TO COME RIGHT OVER TO HIS HOUSE— SAYS HE'S IN TERRIBLE DANGER. WHAT'S THAT UP THERE?

CRASH!

HE'S DEAD— HIS NECK BROKEN BY THE FALL. WHOEVER— OR WHATEVER— THREW HIM DOWN, IS STILL IN THAT HOUSE. I'M GOING IN!

NO ONE'S DOWNSTAIRS. COULD BE THE MURDERER GOT AWAY.

COULD BE. BUT IT ISN'T. THE MONSTER IS WAITING!

THE GHOST RIDER

FURY FIGHTS VIOLENTLY... BUT THE MONSTER'S GRIP DOES NOT SLACKEN —



MATT LOCKE — DEAD!
AND LISTEN TO THUH
RUCKUS IN THUH HOUSE!
FURY MUST BE IN THERE
RASSLIN' WITH THUH
MONSTER! LET'S
HELP HIM!

PEOPLE COMING UP...
THE MONSTER'S GETTING
AWAY THROUGH THE WINDOW...
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO
SWITCH TO THE GHOST RIDER —
ONLY WAY TO CATCH
THE MONSTER...



THE NEXT NIGHT —

LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN
HERE. WONDER HOW MY
THREE PARTNERS ARE
MAKING OUT... BRRRR-IT'S
CHILLY. WISH I HAD
SOMEONE TO TALK TO...

SUDDENLY —

HEY, YOU SITTING
IN THUH SHADOWS —
GOT ANY NEWS ABOUT
WHAT'S BEEN GOIN'
ON HERE LATELY...?

THE FIGURE DISENGAGES ITSELF
SLOWLY FROM THE SHADOWS —

WHUT
THUH-?



THE GHOST RIDER

THEN — OUT OF THE NIGHT — GALLOPS
THAT GRIM SCOURGE OF EVIL —

GHOST RIDER —
SAVE ME — SAVE —
AAARGH!



UNHAND HIM, MONSTER!
I HAVE CROSSED THE
LINE THAT SEPERATES
THE LIVING FROM THE
DEAD TO DRAG YOU TO
YOUR GRAVE!

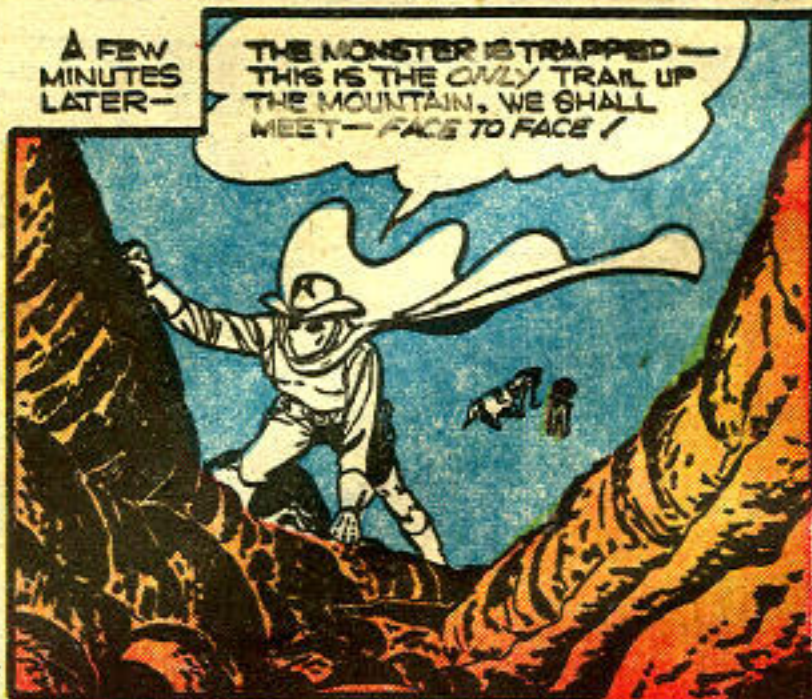


HE FLEES — BUT
I MUST MINISTER
TO HIS VICTIM
BEFORE I
GIVE CHASE!



A FEW
MINUTES
LATER —

THE MONSTER IS TRAPPED —
THIS IS THE ONLY TRAIL UP
THE MOUNTAIN. WE SHALL
MEET — FACE TO FACE!



AS THE GHOST RIDER SWIFTLY ASCENDS
THE STEEP MOUNTAIN-SIDE, THE MONSTER
IS BUSY PREPARING A FIENDISH SURPRISE —



THAT BOULDER —
IT WILL CRUSH ME —
HAVE TO DO SOMETHING —
FAST!



THE GHOST RIDER

JUST IN TIME! I MUST
USE CAUTION NOW — THE
MONSTER KNOWS HE'S
BEING FOLLOWED.

THE GHOST RIDER CREEPS SLOWLY FORWARD.
BUT NOW THE MONSTER WAITS BEHIND A NARROW
PASSAGEWAY FORMED BY JAGGED ROCKS — HIS
GNARLED HANDS CLENCHED WITH FURY...

SLOWLY... SLOWLY... THE WHITE FIGURE
GLIDES INTO THE PASSAGEWAY. THE
MONSTER TENSES, READY TO —

— STRIKE!

OWWWW!
HE'S
NOT
HERE!

SPLAT!

HERE I
AM!

THAT WAS
MY IMAGE
PROJECTED
BY MY MAGIC
LANTERN THAT
HE SPRANG AT!
I KNEW HE WAS
WAITING HERE...

PLEASE,
GHOST
RIDER,
PLEASE...

GO! THE
MONSTER CAN
SPEAK. OFF
WITH YOUR
MASK! IT'S
HARRY
BENNETT!

I-I'll
CONFESS,
GHOST RIDER!
I'll CONFESS...

LATER—

HERE'S YOUR 'MONSTER,' SHERIFF. LAST
YEAR HE KILLED HIS PARTNER TO GAIN
COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE GOLD MINE.
BUT THERE WERE FOUR WITNESSES TO
THE MURDER — AND THEY TRIED TO
BLACKMAIL... MR. WILCOX'S THEORY GAVE
HIM THE IDEA OF IMPERSONATING THE
MONSTER — AND HE BEGAN KILLING THE
BLACKMAILERS, ONE BY ONE...

TALES of the GHOST RIDER

The DEVIL And JED GUNNER

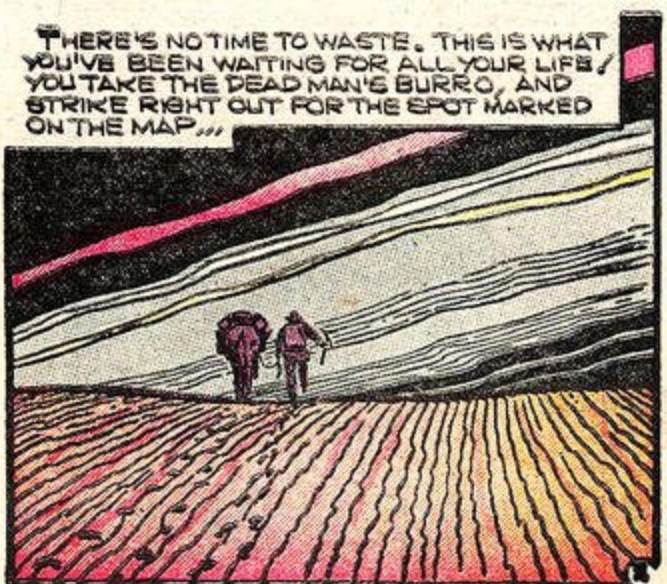
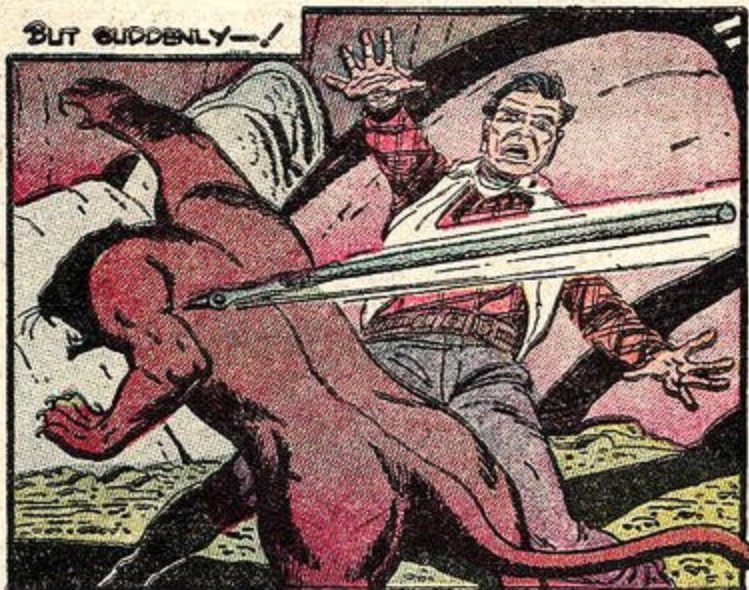


YOU'RE JED GUNNER. ALL YOUR LIFE YOU'VE DREAMED OF A GOLD VEIN THICK AS A BUFFALO'S HUMP — THE STRIKE THAT WILL MAKE YOU RICH! BUT IT'S NEVER CAME, AND THE DREAM HAS TURNED INTO A SOUR CORRODING NIGHTMARE.

FOAMING, CRAZED WITH THE LUST FOR GOLD, YOU DRYBULCH A LUCKY TENDERFOOT WHOSE SADDLEBAGS ARE BULGING...



THE GHOST RIDER



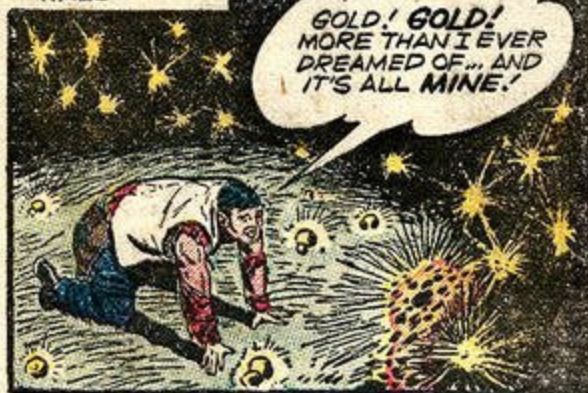
THE GHOST RIDER

IT TAKES THREE LONG DAYS OF TREKKING, DAY AND NIGHT — BUT AT LAST YOU'RE THERE! YOU BEGIN LOOKING AROUND, WHEN SUDDENLY—



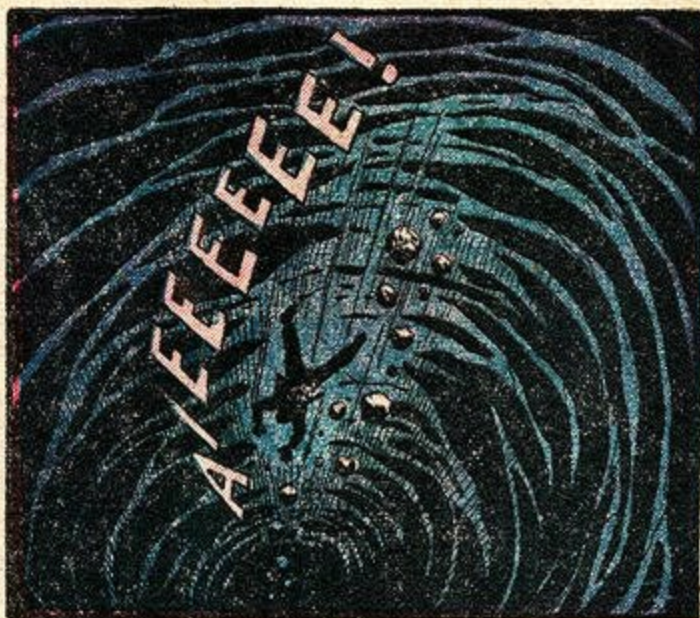
YOU MUST HAVE FALLEN MORE THAN A THOUSAND FEET... IT'S A WONDER THAT YOU CAN DRAG YOURSELF UP AGAIN. YOUR HEAD IS SPINNING... AS YOU TORTUROUSLY CRAWL TO THE CAVERN WALL —

GOLD! GOLD!
MORE THAN I EVER
DREAMED OF... AND
IT'S ALL MINE!



YOU SCRAMBLE TO YOUR FEET AND TRY TO RUN AWAY. YOUR CRIES KEEP ECHOING MOCKINGLY —

NOT TILL
I'M DEAD...
NOT TILL
I'M DEAD...
NOT TILL
I'M DEAD...!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT—

WELL, MR. GUNNER —
I'VE KEPT MY PART
OF THE BARGAIN...

NO! NO! NOT
YET! NOT TILL
I'M DEAD!

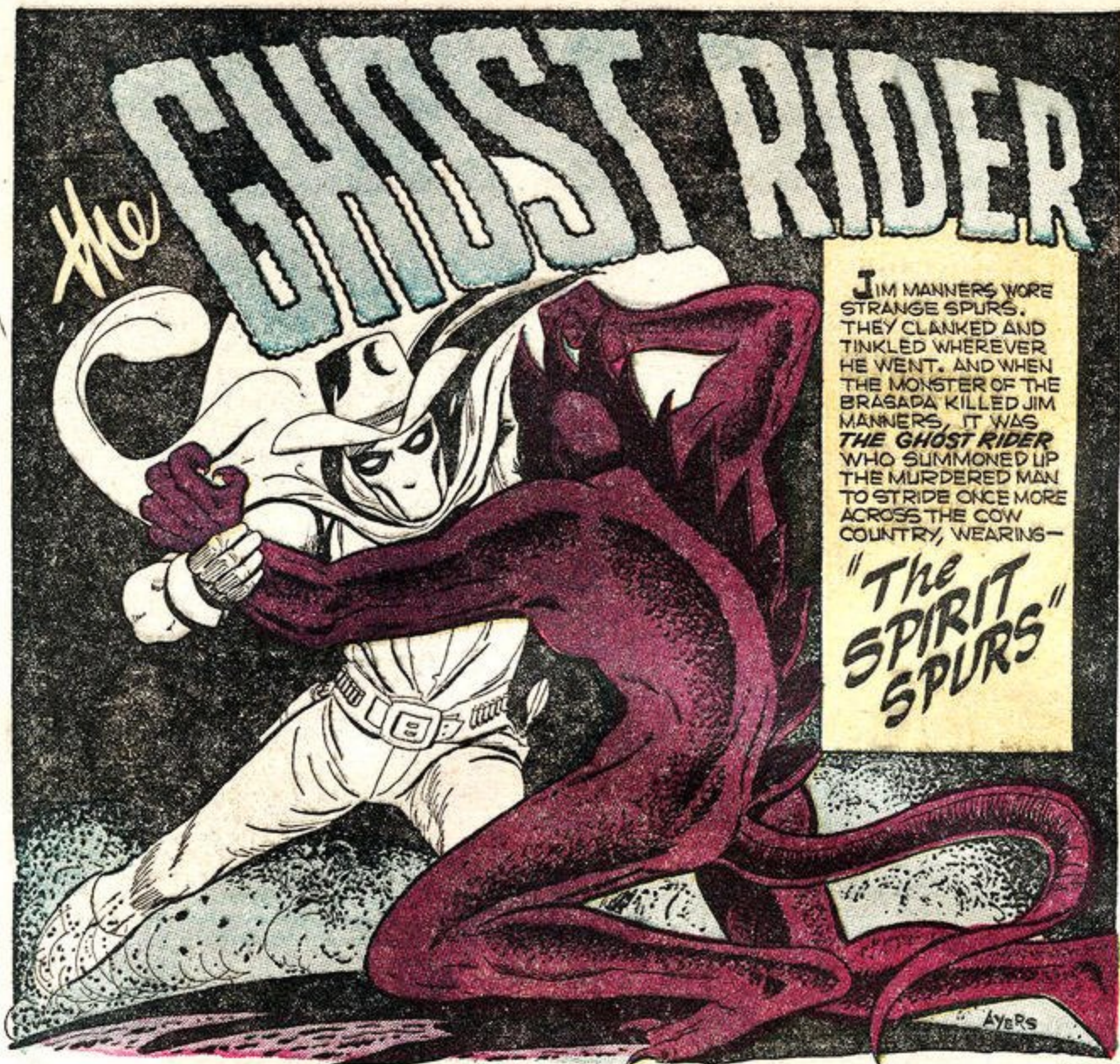


MY DEAR MAN, YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM A DELUSION. DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE CAVE-IN? DON'T YOU REMEMBER FALLING... DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE FALL BREAKING YOUR NECK...? SEE—THERE'S YOUR BODY! YOU ARE DEAD, JED GUNNER!



END

THE GHOST RIDER



JIM MANNERS WORE STRANGE SPURS. THEY CLANKED AND TINKLED WHEREVER HE WENT. AND WHEN THE MONSTER OF THE BRASADA KILLED JIM MANNERS, IT WAS THE GHOST RIDER WHO SUMMONED UP THE MURDERED MAN TO STRIDE ONCE MORE ACROSS THE COW COUNTRY, WEARING—

"The Spirit Spurs"

Ayers

THESE ARE THE SPURS, OF HAMMERED MEXICAN SILVER, FITTED WITH TINY, TINKLING BELLS...

ADIOS, JIM!
SAFE JOURNEY
HOME.

THIS IS THE MONSTER, THAT WAITS ETERNALLY IN THE FLAT, MISTY STRETCHES OF THE BRASADA FOR HIS PREY...



THE GHOST RIDER

THAT NIGHT, AS JIM MANNERS RIDES HOME ALONE, THE MONSTER APPEARS, WITH A SCREAM THAT FREEZES THE BLOOD IN A MAN'S VEINS.



ONLY ONE MAN SEES THE KILLING—THE GRIM, WEIRD FIGURE OF **THE GHOST RIDER!**

THE FABLED MONSTER THAT ROAMS THE BRASADA, I'VE HEARD INDIAN TALES OF HIM, BUT NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE HIM.



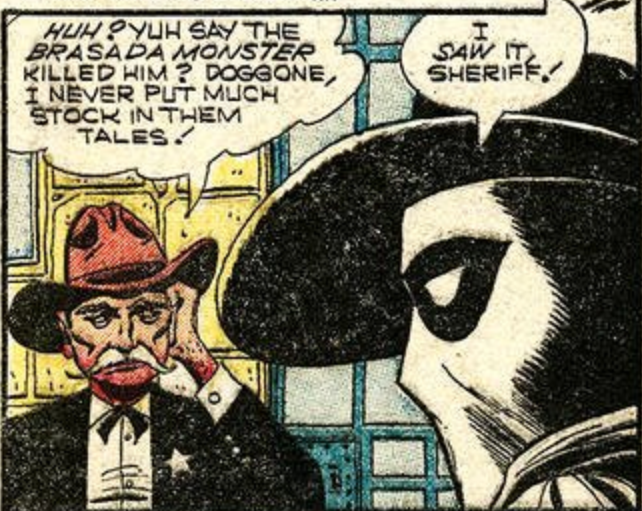
IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF CACTUS WELLS, SOME HOURS LATER...

POOR DEVIL! HE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.



HUH, PYUH SAY THE BRASADA MONSTER KILLED HIM? DOGGONE, I NEVER PUT MUCH STOCK IN THEM TALES.

I SAW IT, SHERIFF!



WELL, I'LL WRITE IT DOWN ON MY REPORT, BUT—WHO'S THAT? OH, LUKE JORDAN!... COME IN, LUKE!



DON'T BELIEVE A WORD THAT HOMBRE TELLS YOU, ED. I SAW THE WHOLE THING, THE ONE WHO KILLED JIM MANNERS IS STANDING IN FRONT OF YOU! YOU DON'T BELIEVE HIS LOCO STORY OF A MONSTER, DO YOU?



GORRY, FRIEND! I'LL HAVE TO LOCK YOU IN A CELL 'TIL I INVESTIGATE THIS WHOLE THING.

FOOLISH, SHERIFF, FOOLISH! NO JAIL CELL CAN HOLD THE GHOST RIDER!



THE GHOST RIDER



MEANWHILE, AS THE NIGHT MOON RISES HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE SKY, A VOICE SOUNDS EERILY IN THE CACTUS WELLS JAIL //



NEWS OF THE GHOST RIDER'S EERIE ESCAPE FROM A GUARDED CELL RUNS LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGH TOWN. BUT ON HIS BAR-9 RANCH, LUKE JORDAN HAS OTHER PROBLEMS //

SINCE THE RAILROAD IS MOVING INTO CACTUS WELLS AND SINCE JIM MANNERS OWNED THE FRANCHISE TO TRANSPORT ALL PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT, THE RAILROAD WILL HAVE TO BUY THAT FRANCHISE FROM ME!

BUT BEFORE THEY DO, I'M GOING TO MAKE PLENTY OF PROFIT FROM THEM STAGES! PASSENGERS DECLARE THEIR VALUABLES WHEN THEY BOARD OUR STAGES. NOW THIS IS WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO //



THE GHOST RIDER

THAT NIGHT, AS THE CACTUS WELLS STAGE TRUNDLES DOWN THE VALLEY ROAD —



MAD WITH TERROR, THE HORSES STAMPEDE, HELPLESS, THE DRIVER AND PASSENGERS ARE EASY VICTIMS TO THE MASKED MEN WHO BOARD THE STAGE



THAT IS THE FIRST ROBBERY! BUT OTHER ROBBERIES FOLLOW, ALL IN THE SAME PATTERN...



AND THEN ONE NIGHT, AS THE STAGE PULLED OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...



DOOM!
THE DOOM
OF THE GHOST
RIDER IS UPON
YOU!



WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
BUCK?
AWWPP!

YEEOWW!



NONE CAN ESCAPE
ME! I RIDE THE
MIDNIGHT WINDS!
I SEE ALL EVIL AND
PUNISH IT!

RINGS
OF FIRE—
COMING
FOR
US!

CHOKING
ME...
AAAAGGH!



THE GHOST RIDER



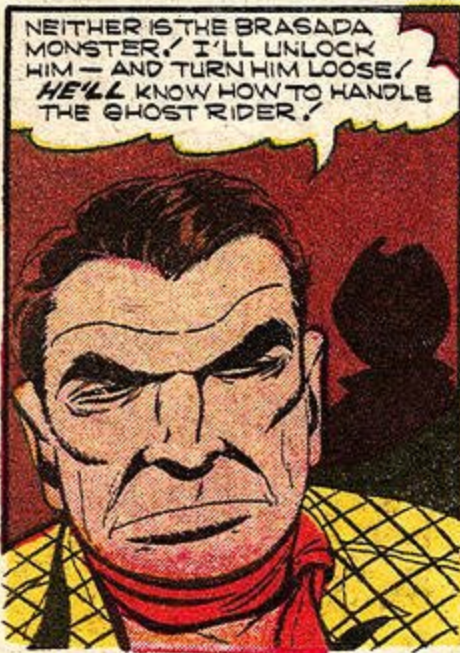
IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO COAT TWO LARIAT LOOPS WITH PHOSPHOROUS, A TWO HANDED THROW — PLUS THEIR OVERACTIVE IMAGINATIONS — MADE THEM BELIEVE I WAS THROWING RINGS OF FIRE AT THEM.

IN LUKE JORDAN'S BAR-9 RANCH HOUSE, SOMEWHAT LATER...



THE GHOST RIDER! PAH! WHAT SORT OF EXCUSE IS THAT? I WANTED THE GOLD BULLION ON THAT STAGE!

IT'S STILL ON IT, BOSS! THAT GHOST RIDER AIN'T HUMAN!



NEITHER IS THE BRASADA MONSTER. I'LL UNLOCK HIM — AND TURN HIM LOOSE! HE'LL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THE GHOST RIDER.

BENEATH THE BAR-9 RANCH HOUSE IN THE STONE VAULTS THAT ONCE WERE PART OF A SPANISH MISSION, A HINGE CREAKS RUSTILY...



SUDDENLY A TAUNTING VOICE CRIES OUT. THE MONSTER WHIRLS —

TURN, MONSTER! TURN THIS WAY TO FIND THE GHOST RIDER!



SAVE YOUR BREATH! NOTHING FRIGHTENS THE MASTER OF THE MIDNIGHT HOURS!

AAAAEEEEEEEEEEEE!



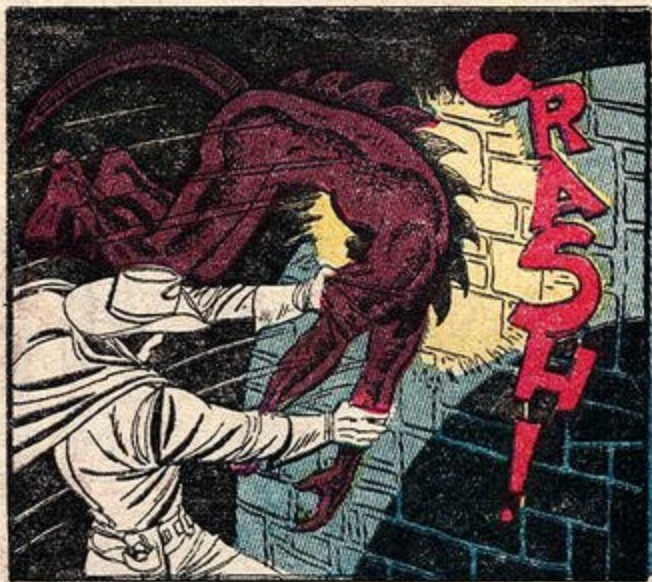
AS THE MONSTER HURTTLES FORWARD, THE GHOST RIDER DISAPPEARS. A MOMENT LATER —

MY BLACK CLOAK — THAT MAKES ME INVISIBLE IN BLACKNESS — ALLOWS ME TO MOVE IN THE NIGHT AS IF I OWNED IT!

THE GHOST RIDER



THE STARK ANIMAL TERROR OF THE BRASADA MONSTER SENDS HIM FLYING ALONG THE ANCIENT CORRIDORS OF THE MISSION CELLAR...



IN THE CACTUS WELLS JAIL, SOME HOURS BEFORE DAWN—

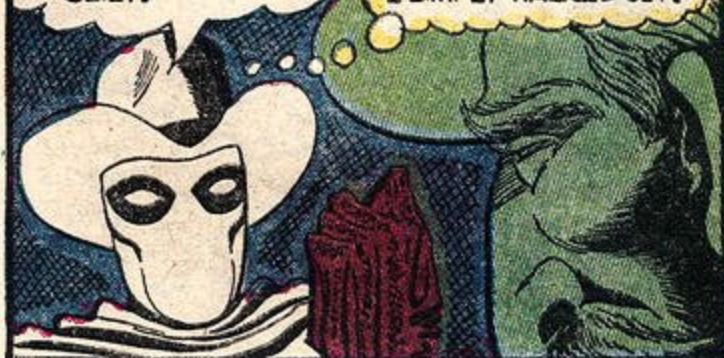
THESE ARE THE STAGECOACH ROBBERS, SHERIFF, THEY HAVE BEEN WORKING HAND IN GLOVE WITH LUKE JORDAN, BUT I CAN'T PROVE HIS CONNECTION WITH THEM...

AFTER YOU GOT OUT OF A LOCKED CELL WITH ARMED MEN IN FRONT AND IN BACK OF YOU—I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU TELL ME, EVEN THAT!



AS I SAID, I CAN'T PROVE JORDAN'S CONNECTIONS WITH THOSE STAGECOACH ROBBERS. I CAN'T PROVE THAT HE POSSES AS THE BRASADA MONSTER, AND THAT HE KILLED MANNERS— BUT I HAVE AN IDEA AS TO HOW JORDAN CAN BE MADE TO CONFESS HIS GUILT!

I DIDN'T TELL THE SHERIFF THIS, BUT I MERELY WRAPPED MYSELF IN MY DARK CLOAK AND HID UNDER THE COT IN THE CELL. WHEN THE DEPUTY ENTERED THE CELL, HE THOUGHT IT WAS EMPTY. HE LEFT THE CELL DOOR OPEN. WHEN HIS BACK WAS TURNED AS HE STOOD AT THE REAR WINDOW, I SIMPLY WALKED OUT!



THAT NIGHT, BEFORE LUKE JORDAN GOES TO BED—

LUKE JORDAN / YOU SHALL NOT SLEEP THIS NIGHT— NOR ANY NIGHT HEREAFTER / POSING AS THE BRASADA MONSTER, YOU KILLED JIM MANNERS!

YUH CAN'T PROVE THAT IN A LAW COURT! AND THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS!



THE GHOST RIDER



IN HIS TERROR, LUKE JORDAN
CRASHES INTO THE WALL...



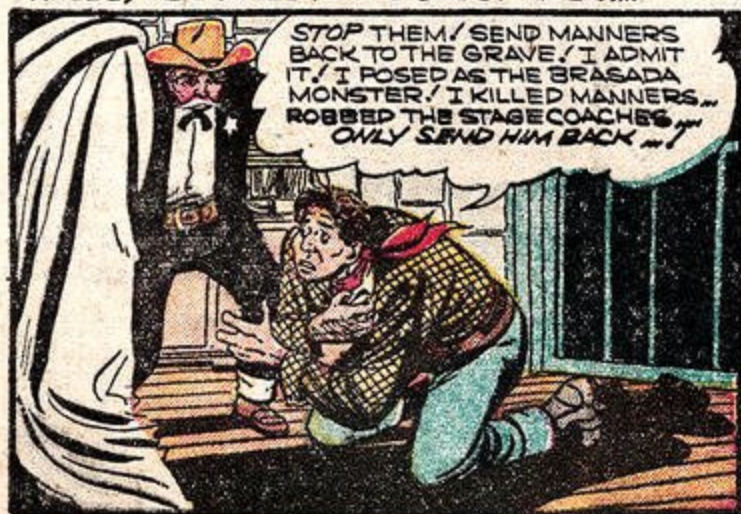
ALL THE NEXT DAY, WHEREVER
LUKE JORDAN GOES, THE SOUND
OF THE BELLS—THE GHOSTLY
SPURS—GOES WITH HIM...



HOOR AFTER HOUR,
THE BELLS JANGLE
IN HIS EARS!



IT IS NIGHTFALL WHEN HIS NERVE BREAKS. ON HIS
KNEES, HE CRAWLS TO THE GHOST RIDER...



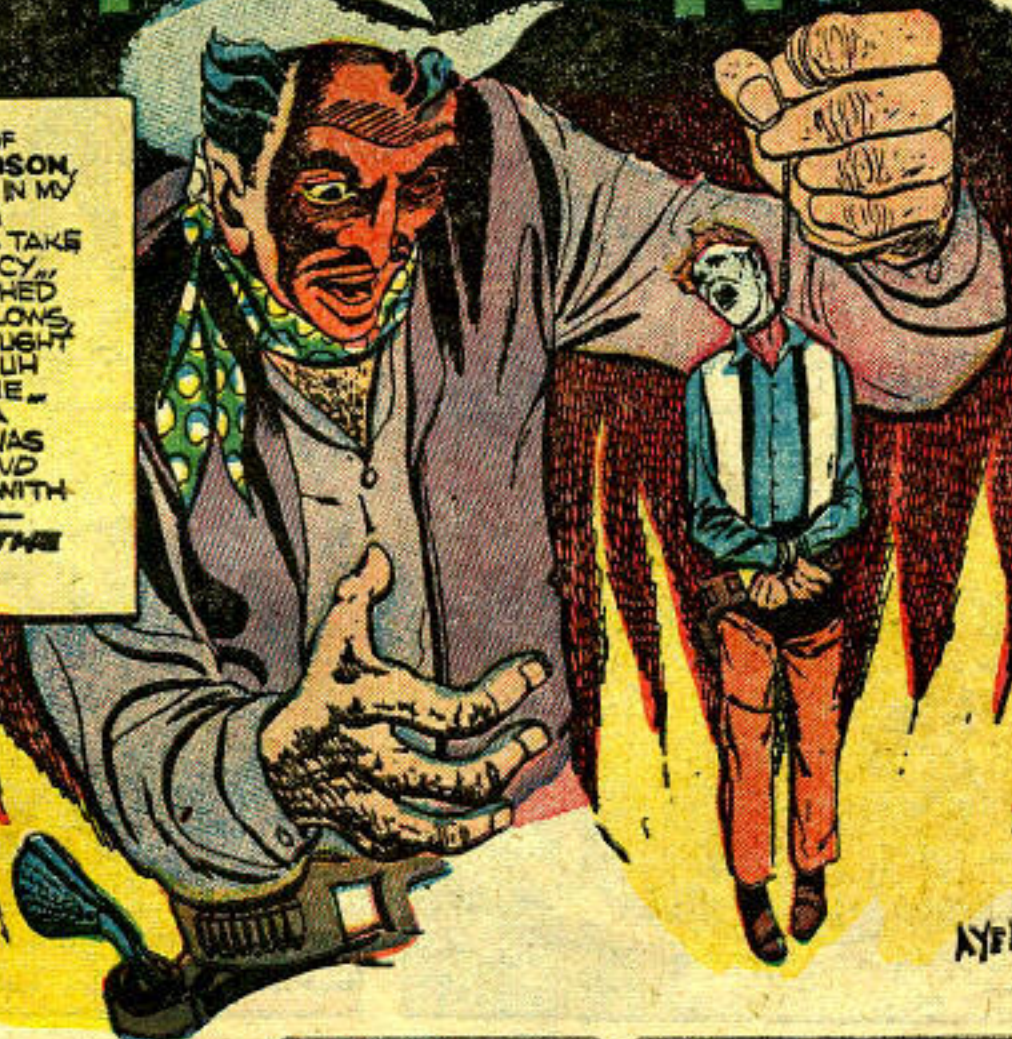
IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO "HAUNT"
HIM! I MERELY HOLLOWED OUT THE
HEELS OF HIS BOOTS AND INSERTED
THESE TINY BELLS! WHEREVER HE
WENT, HE HEARD THEM—AND
IMAGINED THAT JIM MANNERS AND
HIS SPIRIT SPURS WERE
FOLLOWING HIM!



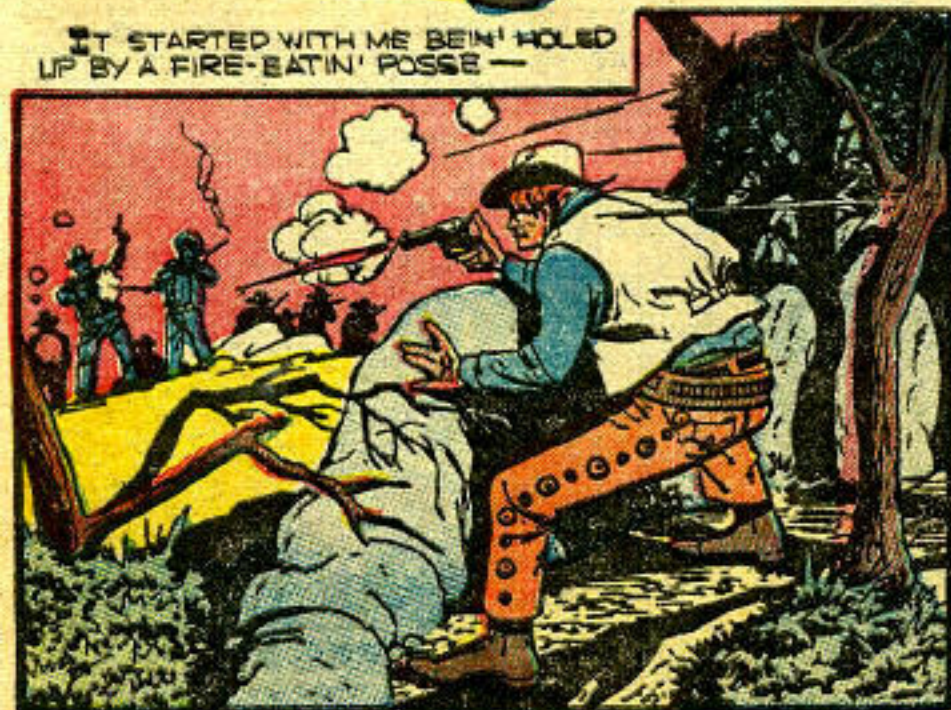
TALES of the GHOST RIDER

My Friend The HANGMAN!

YUH'VE HEARD OF ME — BART CLEMSON, TEXAS BADMAN. IN MY DAY, I'D AS SOON SHOOT A MAN AS TAKE A CHAW OF 'BACCY. WHEN THEY MARCHED ME TO THUH GALLONS, EVERYBODY THOUGHT I'D REACHED THUH END OF THUH LINE. BUT I WAS SONNA FOOL THEM. I WAS SONNA HANG, AND STILL NOT DIE — WITH THUH HELP OF — MY FRIEND, THE HANGMAN!



IT STARTED WITH ME BEIN' HOLED UP BY A FIRE-EATIN' POSSE —



OWWWWW!
I'M A DEAD DUCK NOW. NOTHIN' LEFT TO DO BUT GIVE MYSELF UP!!!



HERE I AM, LAW MEN—WHUT'RE YUH GONNA DO WITH ME?

WE'RE GONNA STRING YUH UP, CLEMSON, LIKE YUH DESERVE—AND LEAVE YUH FER THUH BUZZARDS TO PICK AT.



THEY'D BROUGHT THUH ROPE WITH THEM—AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FIND THUH TREE. IT LOOKED LIKE THUH END OF THUH LINE RIGHT THERE AND THEN, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN—

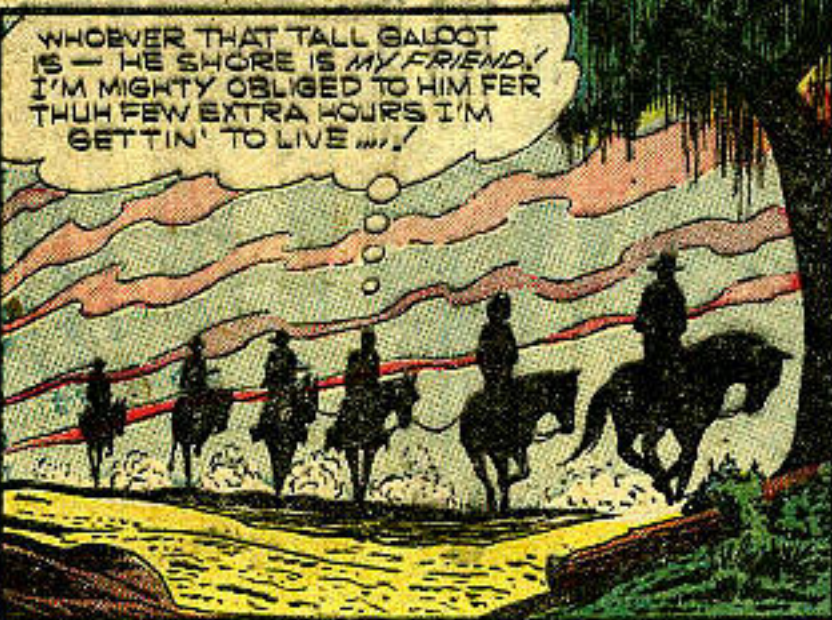


WAIT!

YUH'RE NOT HANGIN' HIM WITHOUT A FAIR TRIAL, THUH CIRCUIT JUDGE JUST RODE INTO TOWN. BRING CLEMSON IN, AND WE'LL MAKE IT LEGAL.



SO THEY CUT THUH ROPE DOWN—AND WE ALL SET OUT FER TOWN.



WHOEVER THAT TALL GALOOT IS—HE SHORE IS MY FRIEND! I'M MIGHTY OBLIGED TO HIM FER THUH FEW EXTRA HOURS I'M GETTIN' TO LIVE.

THUH TRIAL NOT ONLY WAS LEGAL—IT WAS QUICKER 'N A RATTLESNAKE STRIKIN'!



I HEREBY CONDEMN YUH, BART CLEMSON, TO HANG BY YORE NECK UNTIL YOU DIE! SENTENCE TO BE EXECUTED PRONTO.

THEY HUSTLED ME OUT TO THUH NEAREST TREE—BUT AGAIN THEY HADN'T RECKONED WITH MY FRIEND!



WAIT! I'M THUH HANGMAN HERE, AND THIS IS GONNA BE DONE PROPER-LIKE. CLAP HIM IN JAIL—I'LL BUILD A GALLOWS TONIGHT, AND WE'LL STRING HIM UP IN THUH MORNIN'.

THAT NIGHT, VERY LATE—

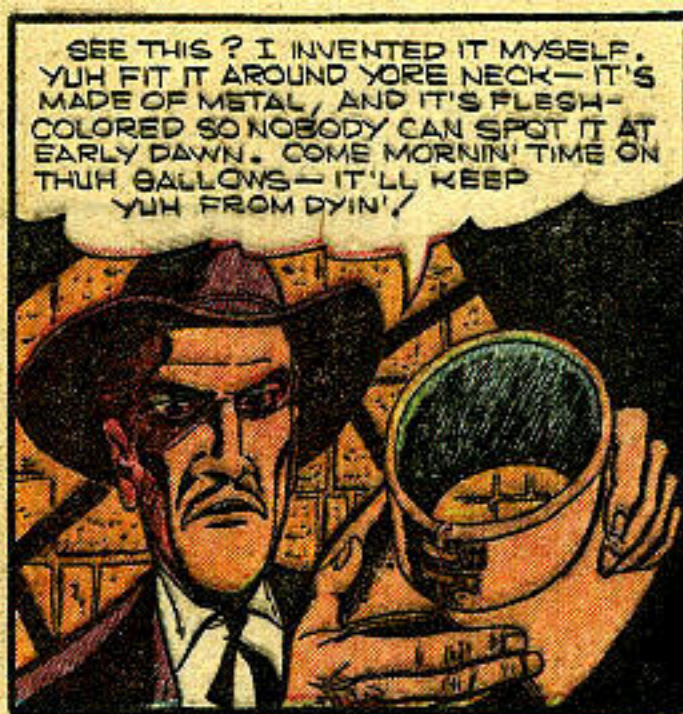


SECOND TIME THAT GALOOT'S SAVED ME! FUNNY THING—HOW EVERYBODY TURNS THEIR HEADS AWAY WHEN HE TALKS—LIKE THEY'RE AFRAID TO LOOK INTO HIS EYES. WHO'S THAT AT THE DOOR?



IT'S
YOU!
WHUT
DO YUH
WANT?

SHHHHH —
I'M YORE
FRIEND. I'M
HERE TO HELP
YUH !!!



SEE THIS ? I INVENTED IT MYSELF.
YUH FIT IT AROUND YORE NECK — IT'S
MADE OF METAL, AND IT'S FLESH-
COLORED SO NOBODY CAN SPOT IT AT
EARLY DAWN. COME MORNIN' TIME ON
THUH GALLOWS — IT'LL KEEP
YUH FROM DYIN'!



YIPEEEEE! THIS IS THE
BEST NEWS YET! ... BUT
WHY ARE YUH DOIN'
ALL THIS FER ME ... ?

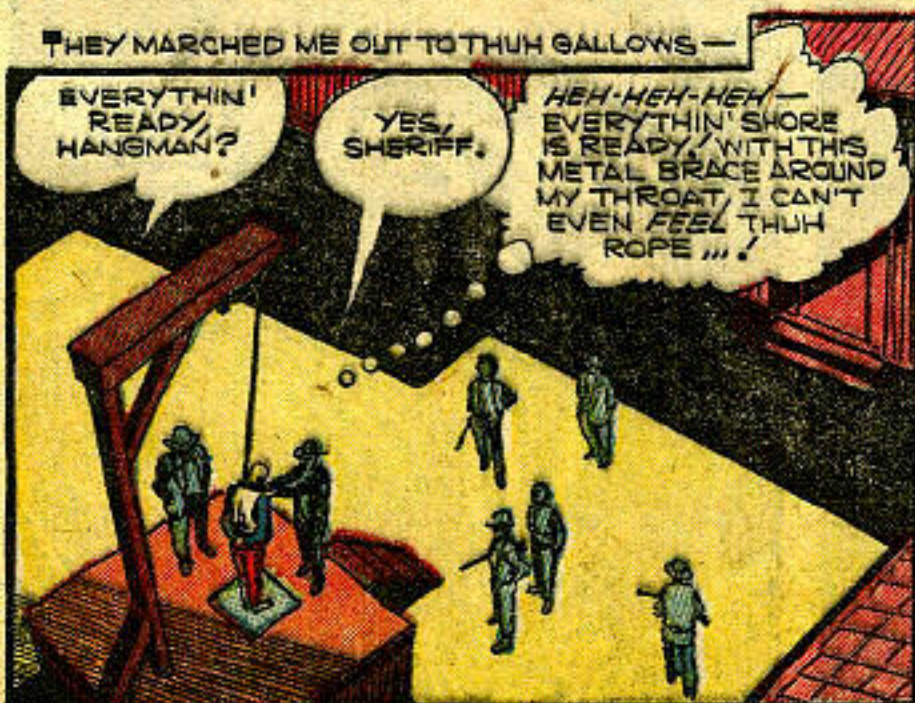
HE LOOKED AT ME FER
A LONG TIME — AND A
PASSEL OF CHILLS, LIKE
LITTLE JACKRABBITS
BEGAN RUNNIN' UP AND
DOWN MY SPINE ... THEN
HE SAID, "I'M YORE
FRIEND —" AND HE WALKED
RIGHT OUTA THUH CELL ...



THE NEXT MORNIN' —

OPEN YORE EYES,
CLEMSON — GIT
A LOOK AT THUH
LAST MORNIN'
YUH'RE EVER
GOIN' TO SEE!

THAT'S
WHAT
YOU
THINK!



THEY MARCHED ME OUT TO THUH GALLOWS —

EVERYTHIN'
READY,
HANGMAN?

YES,
SHERIFF.

HEH-HEH-HEH —
EVERYTHIN' SHORE
IS READY! WITH THIS
METAL BRACE AROUND
MY THROAT, I CAN'T
EVEN FEEL THUH
ROPE ... !



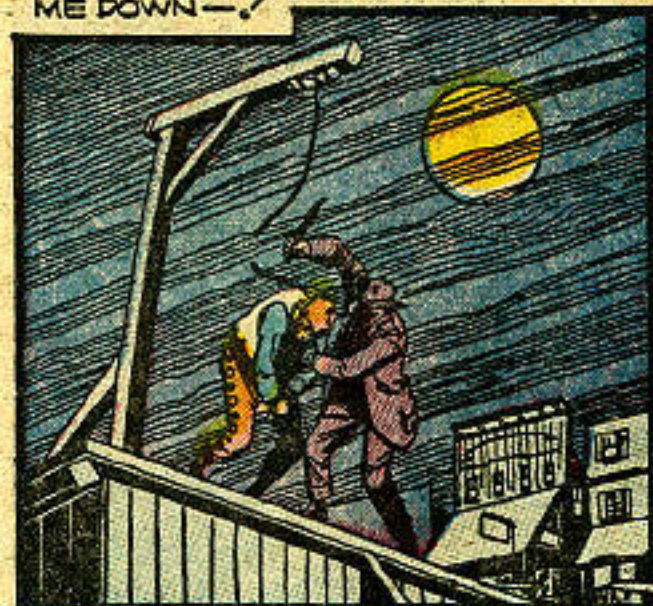
THEN MY FRIEND SPRUNG THE TRAP!

IT WRENCHED ME SOMETHIN' AWFUL — BUT IT DIDN'T KILL ME. I BLACKED OUT. THEY LET ME HANG ALL DAY. LATE AT NIGHT, MY FRIEND CUT ME DOWN —

WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, I WAS LYIN' ON A TABLE —

H-HI YAH, FRIEND! EVERYTHING WORKED OUT FINE, DIDN'T IT?

BETTER THAN YUH THINK...



THUH WAY HE SAID THOSE WORDS MADE ME FEEL THUH CHILLS RUN UP AND DOWN MY SPINE AGAIN. THEN IT HAPPENED. IN FRONT OF MY EYES — SLOW LIKE, HE TURNED INTO A BAT-WINGED VAMPIRE!



NOW THAT IT WAS TOO LATE I KNEW! I KNEW WHY MY FRIEND HAD WANTED ME ALIVE! IT'S ONLY FRESH WARM LIVE BLOOD THAT VAMPIRES DRINK!



THE GHOST RIDER

GHOST RIDER

WHERE WOULD HE STRIKE NEXT—THE STEALTHY STRIPED DEMON WITH THE GLASHING TALONS ... THE TERRIBLE TIGER FROM THE ORIENT WHO COULD DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR ...? BRAVE MEN BLANCHED WITH TERROR WHEN THE GHOST RIDER GRAPPLED WITH ...

"THE
**DEVIL
TIGER**"



A GIGANTIC PAW PRESSES
RELENTLESSLY AGAINST A
WEAKENED BAR —



THE MONSTER KEEPS
WORKING WITH STEALTHY
PATIENCE —



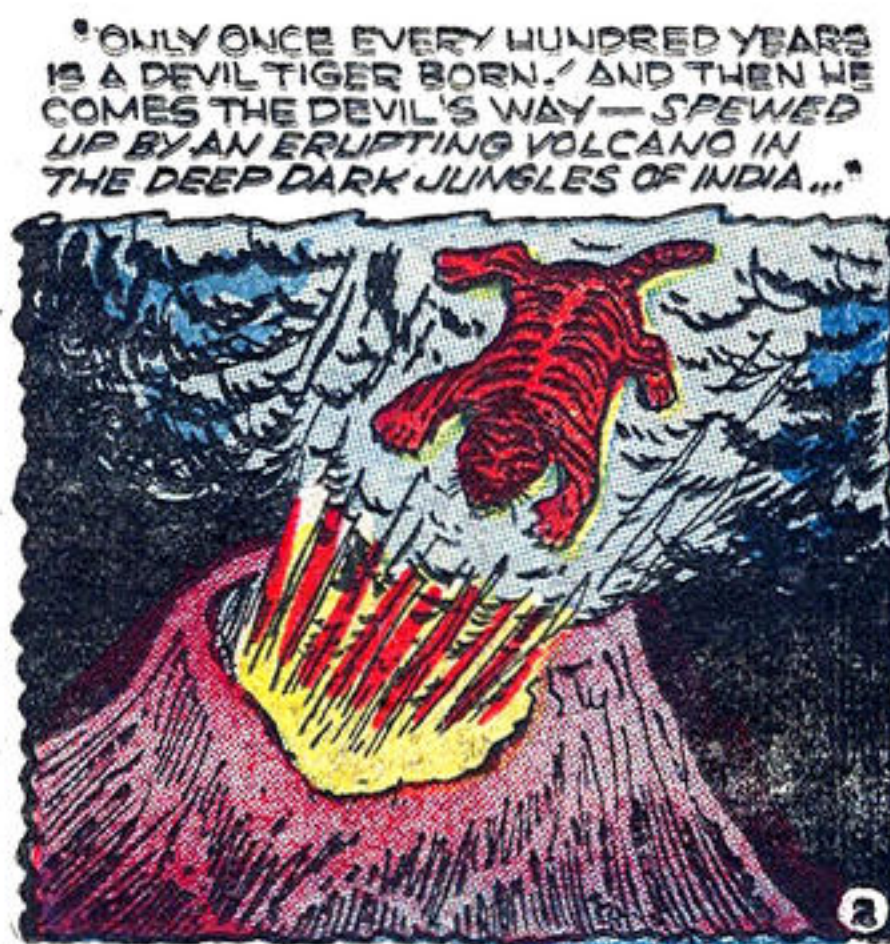
AND AT LAST—
THE DEVIL TIGER
IS FREE!



THE GHOST RIDER



A MOMENT'S RESTLESS PACING... THEN THE DEVIL TIGER LEAPS—

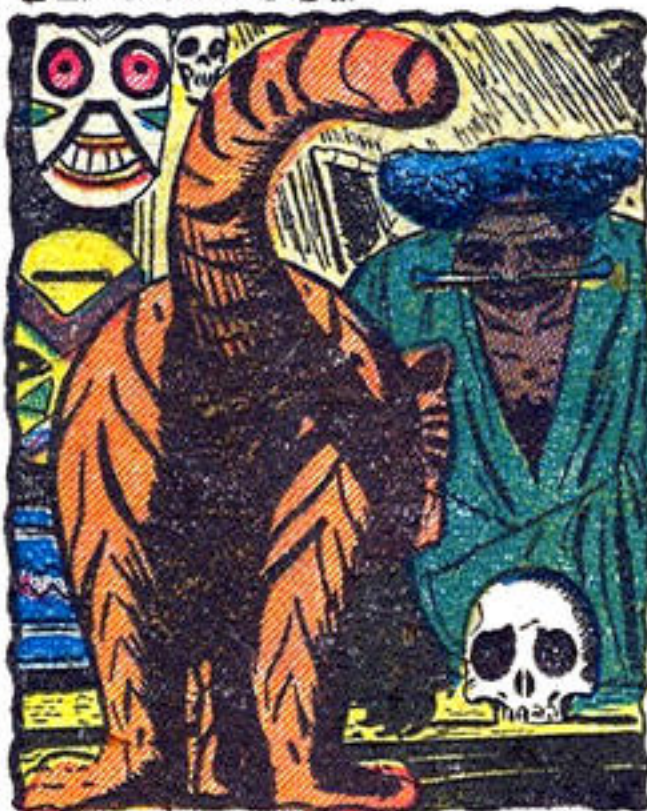


THE GHOST RIDER

"MAN OR BEAST, NO ONE HAS MORE CUNNING THAN A DEVIL TIGER. THIS ONE WAS BUT TWO WEEKS OLD WHEN HE KILLED A BULL ELEPHANT—A BEAST MORE THAN A HUNDRED TIMES LARGER THAN HIMSELF—BY LURING IT OVER A PRECIPICE..."



"AT THE AGE OF SIX MONTHS, AS IS THE WON'T OF ALL DEVIL TIGERS SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, HE REPORTED TO INDIA'S FOREMOST DERVISH TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF BLACK MAGIC..."



"I CAME TO THE PROVINCE IN SEARCH OF JUNGLE WONDERS TO BRING BACK TO AMERICA... FOR MANY BAGS OF GOLD, THE DERVISH'S APPRENTICE PERMITTED HIMSELF TO BE BRIBED. HE... ER... ELIMINATED HIS MASTER. AND THE DEVIL TIGER, DRUGGED BY CERTAIN POWDERS, WAS MINE."



NOW DO YOU BLAME ME FOR WANTING HIM ALIVE? JUST TRAP HIM— THEN CALL ME SO I CAN DRUG HIM WITH SPECIAL POWDERS. AND I'LL GIVE THE REWARD TO THE MAN WHO'S DONE THE TRAPPING.



TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IS A LOT OF MONEY. COWHANDS BEGIN SCOURING THE PRAIRIES AND THE HILLS—



BUT THE NEXT NIGHT IN LODESTOWN—



THUH DEVIL TIGER!

DON'T SHOOT! CALL THUH CIRCUS OWNER— FAST!

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!



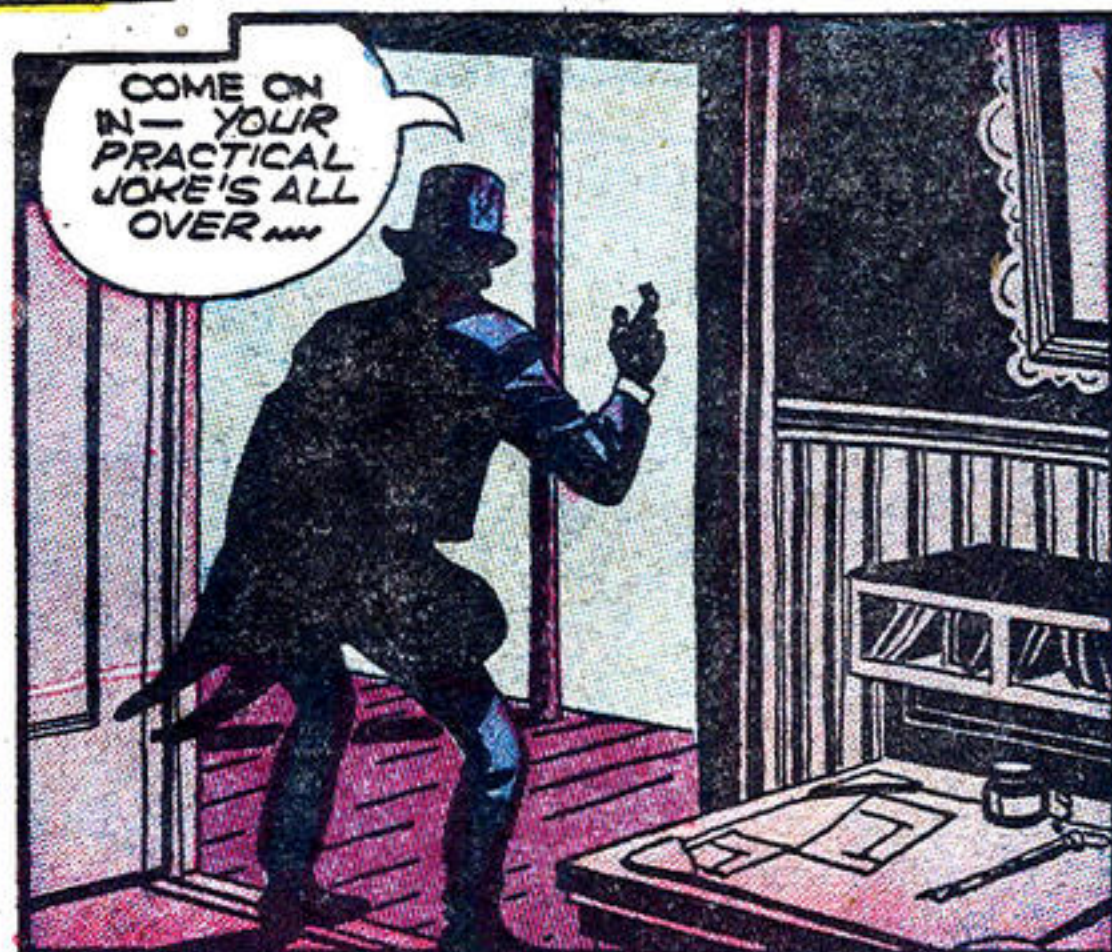
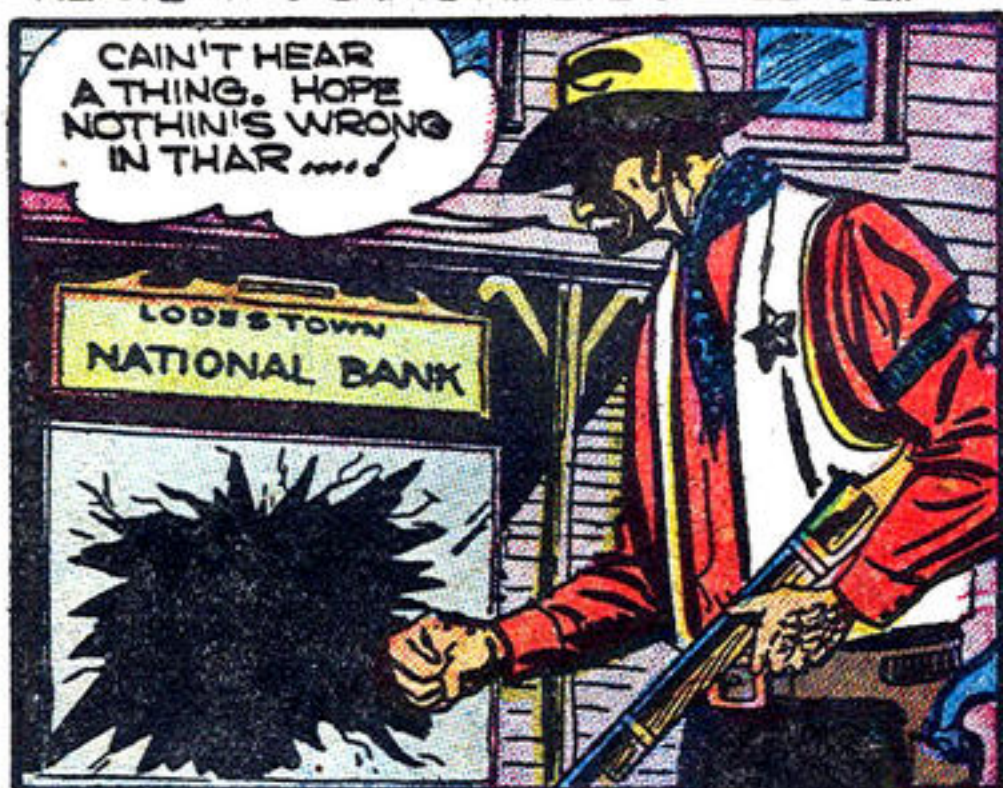
NO WONDER HE'S CALLED THUH DEVIL TIGER— THUH BULLETS ARE BOUNCIN' OFF!

I'M RUNNIN' FER TILLSTON, THUH CIRCUS OWNER.

THE GHOST RIDER



TILLSTON ENTERS... THERE IS A LONG NERVE-WRACKING MINUTE OF SILENCE...

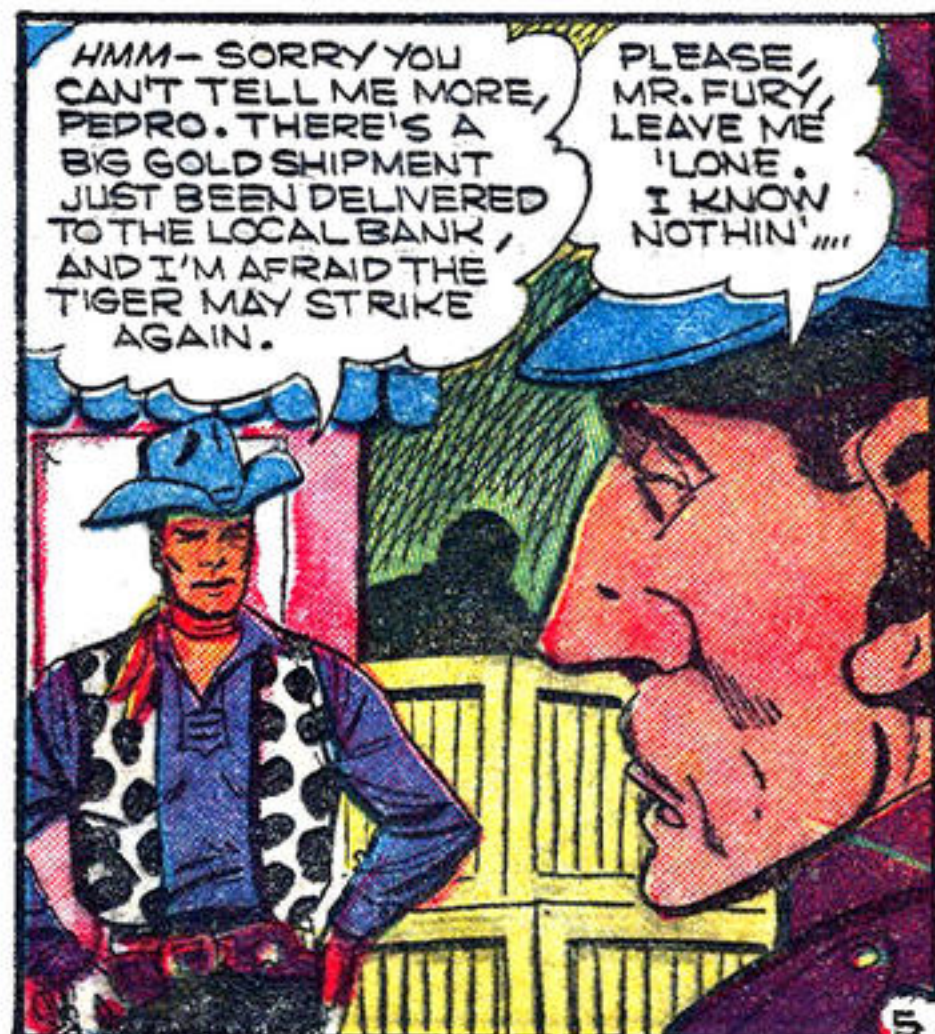
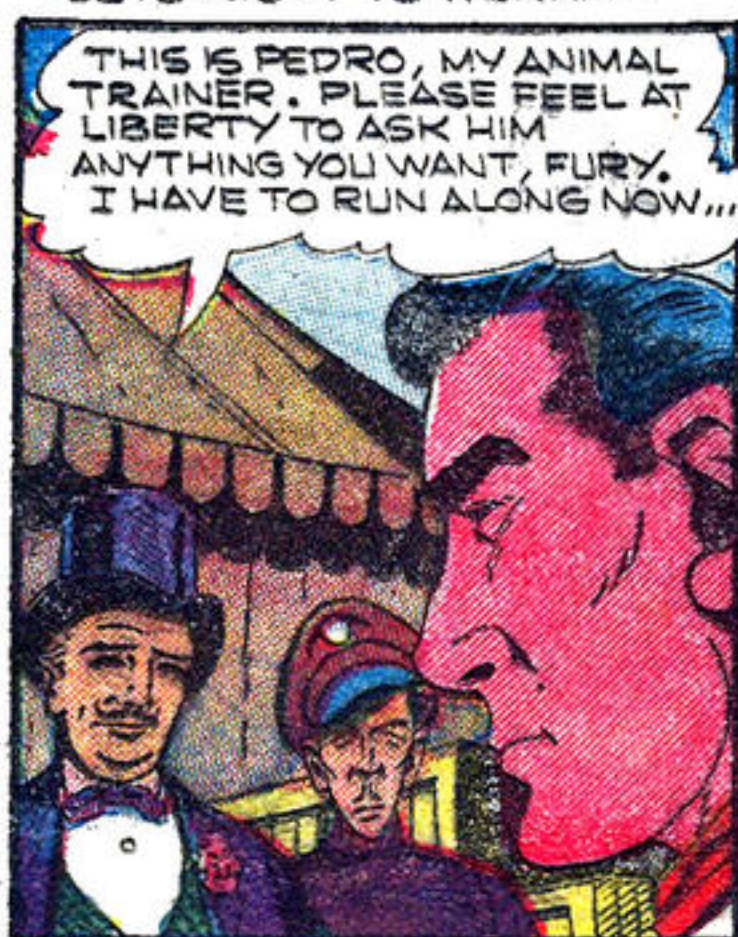


THE GHOST RIDER

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE DEVIL TIGER STRIKES. ALWAYS THE WILY BEAST PERMITS HIMSELF TO BE TRAPPED INSIDE FOUR WALLS. ALWAYS MR. TILLSTON COMES RUNNING WITH HIS POTENT POWDERS. BUT THEN, THE TIGER IS GONE!



THE MARSHAL ARRIVES, AND GETS RIGHT TO WORK —



THE GHOST RIDER

AFTER FURY LEAVES —

PERHAPS I AM WRONG NOT TO TELL. SO MANY PEOPLE ARE GETTING KILLED... WHAT SHALL I DO...?



I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND! THIS INSTANT I WILL RIDE TO TOWN AND SEEK OUT THIS MARSHAL AND TELL HIM WHAT I KNOW!

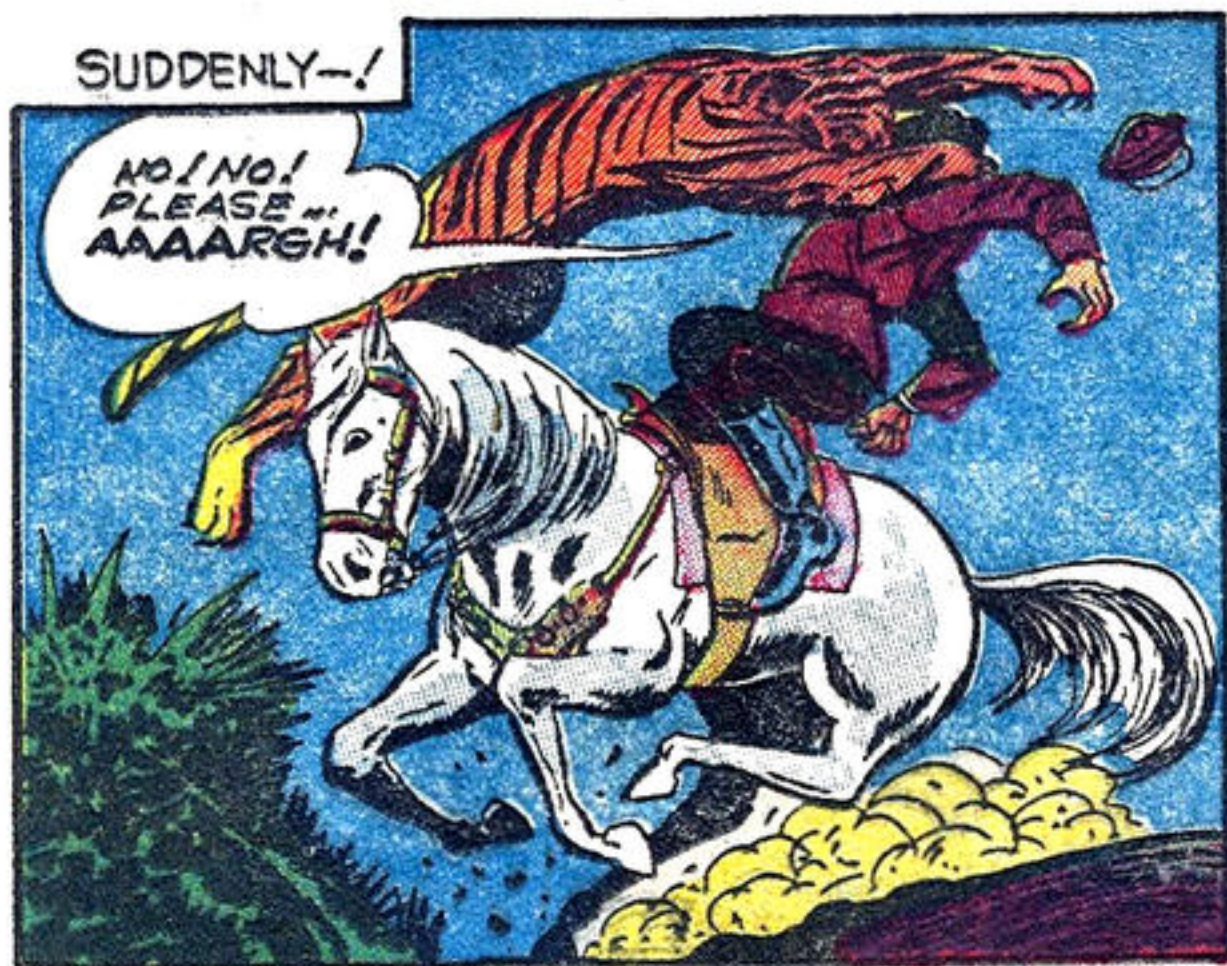


FASTER! I MUST RIDE FASTER! IF HE EVER FINDS OUT WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO, I AM THE NEXT INSTANT DEAD!



SUDDENLY—!

NO! NO! PLEASE... AAAARGH!



HIS BRISLY TASK DONE, THE DEVIL TIGER TURNS AND HEADS TOWARD —



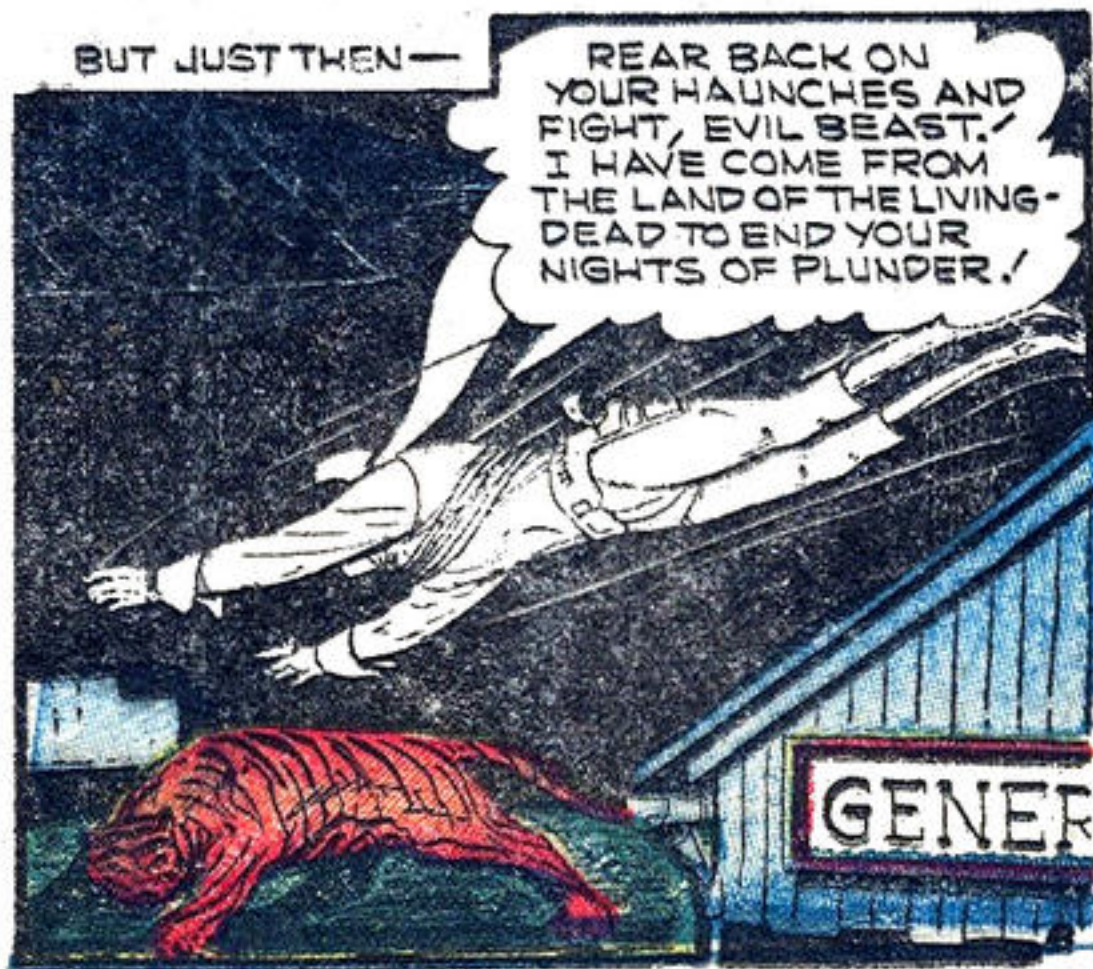
—TOWN!

RUN FER YUH LIVES— THUH DEVIL TIGER'S HERE AGAIN!

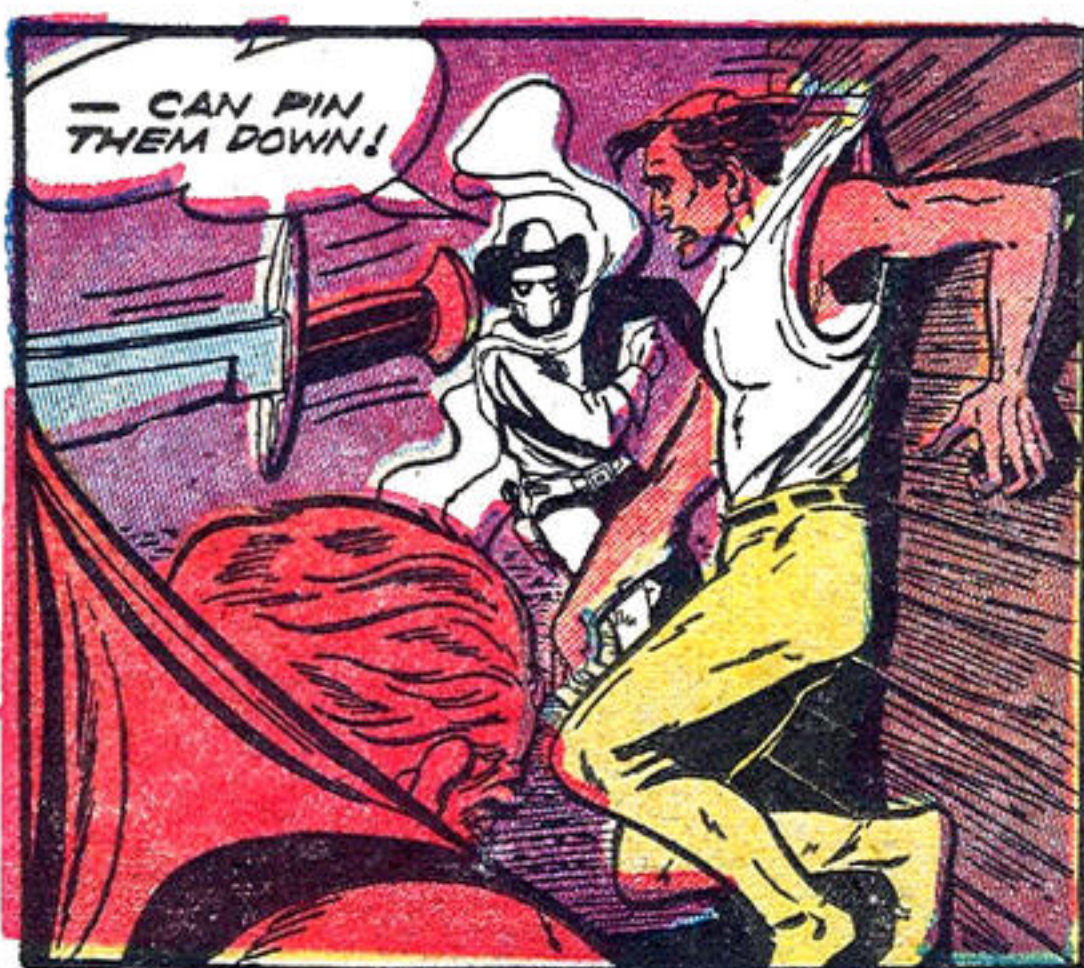
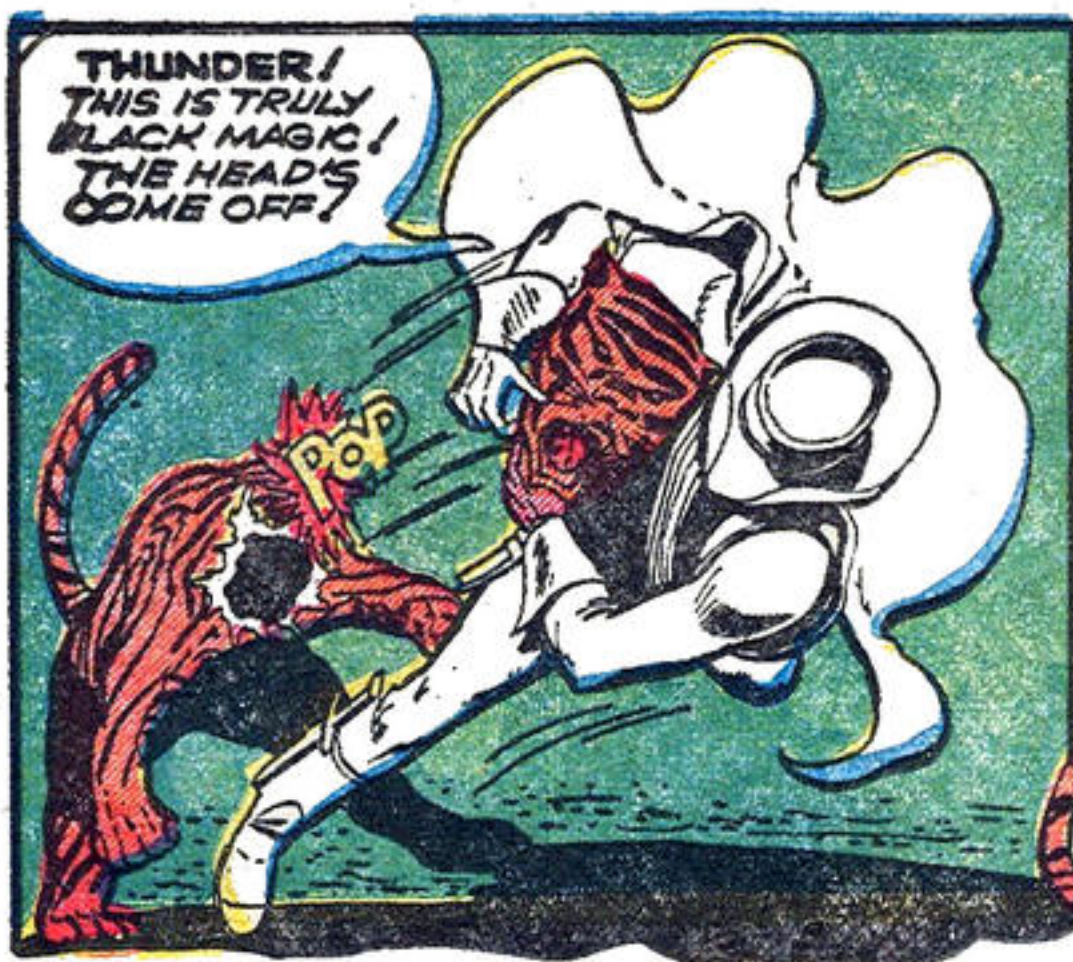


BUT JUST THEN —

REAR BACK ON YOUR HAUNCHES AND FIGHT, EVIL BEAST! I HAVE COME FROM THE LAND OF THE LIVING-DEAD TO END YOUR NIGHTS OF PLUNDER!



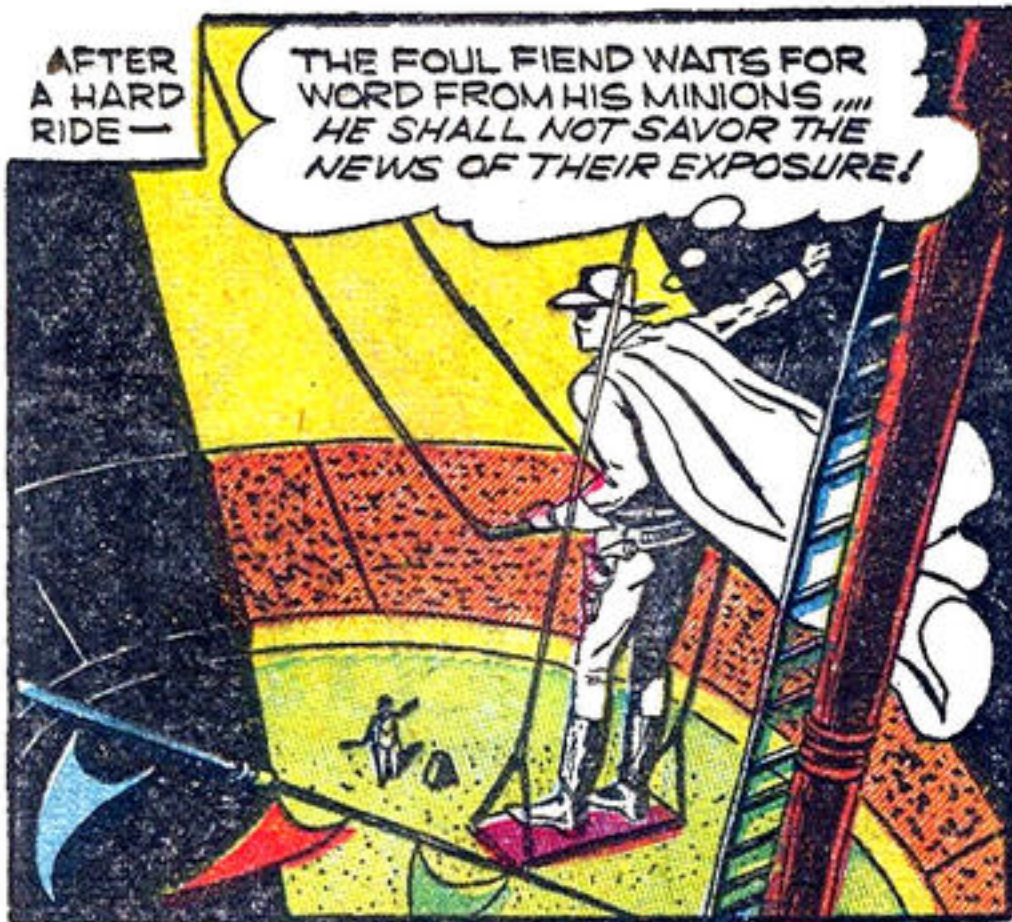
THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER

AFTER
A HARD
RIDE —

THE FOUL FIEND WAITS FOR
WORD FROM HIS MINIONS !!!
HE SHALL NOT SAVOR THE
NEWS OF THEIR EXPOSURE!



REVERSING HIS CAPE SO THAT ONLY HIS SKULL
AND GLOVED HANDS ARE VISIBLE, THE GHOST
RIDER SWINGS DOWN, AND —

W-WHA —
WHAT IS
THIS?

FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE
HAVE I SWOOPED ON THIS
MISSION OF JUSTICE! MASTER
OF THE DEVIL TIGER, YOUR
RUSE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED!

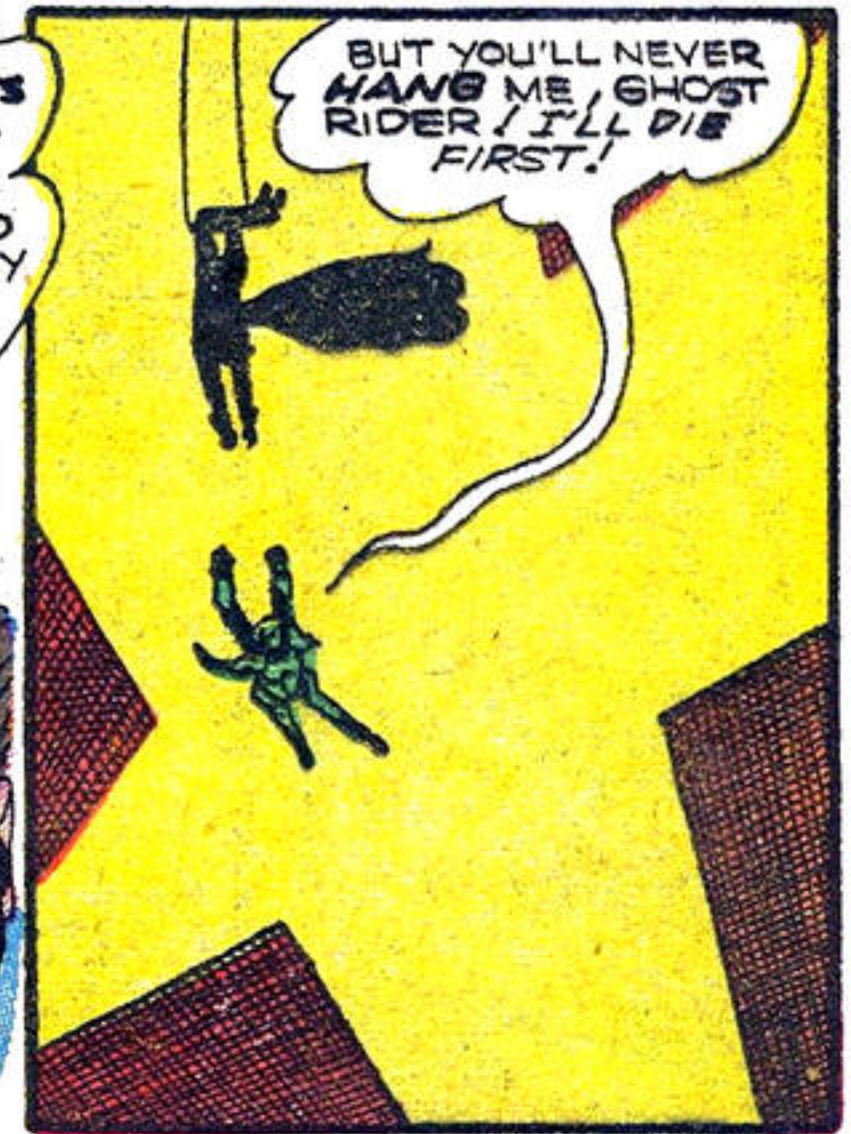
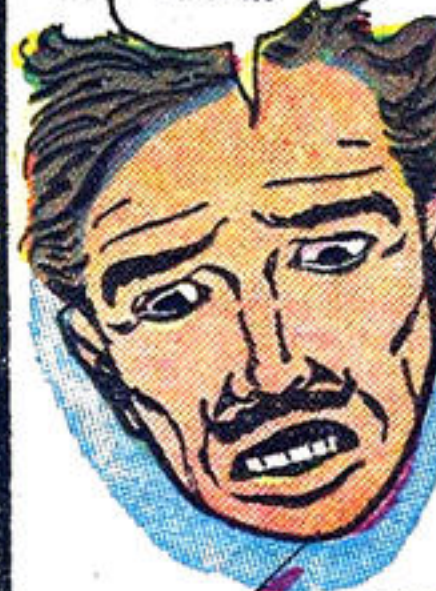


TELL ME HOW
THE TIGER ALWAYS
DISAPPEARED, OR
WE SHALL SWING
AGAIN AND LEAVE
LIFE BEHIND US!

I- I'LL TELL YOU...
THE CONTORTIONISTS
WOULD JUMP OUT
OF THE SKIN AS
SOON AS I ENTERED
WHEREVER THEY
WERE TRAPPED.
I'D STUFF THE SKIN
AND THE LOOT INTO
MY BLACK BAG THAT
WAS SUPPOSED TO
HOLD THE POWDERS...

THEN THE
CONTORTIONISTS
WOULD MINGLE
WITH THE MEN
WHO RAN IN
WHEN I CALLED
THEM. THE STORY
OF THE DEVIL
TIGER... THAT
WAS MY OWN
INVENTION.
PEDRO HAD
GUESSED —
THAT'S WHY
HE HAD TO
DIE...

BUT YOU'LL NEVER
HANG ME, GHOST
RIDER! I'LL DIE
FIRST!



GOOD — THEY CAUGHT
HIM! I'M GLAD I THOUGHT
OF PLANTING THE
SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES
BELOW WITH A PORTABLE
SAFETY NET... THEY'VE
HEARD THE FULL
CONFESSION, AND NOW
TILLSTON WILL LIVE TO
PAY FOR HIS CRIMES!



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